# Santa's Training Stable

R.F. GILMOR

Gunston & The Book Bunnies

The Gunston Trust

# Santa's Training Stable

## By Robin Gilmor

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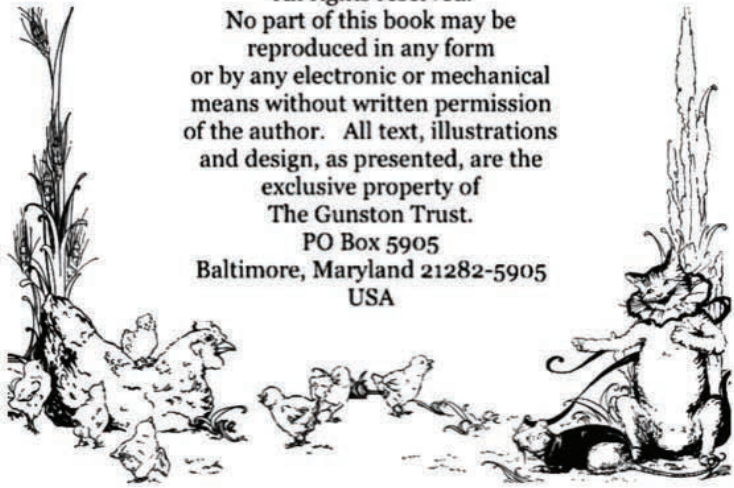

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Down the Seven Sister turns,
across Gunpowder Falls,
Emerging from the forest trees
and pass the Big Rock wall.

The crops were picked, the hay was stored,
all stars were shining bright.
Such winter winds, and moon light glow
on an icy, frosty night.

Past the slippery, slimy pond,
through canopies of trees,
Farmer Al's pink house and barn
are such a sight to see.

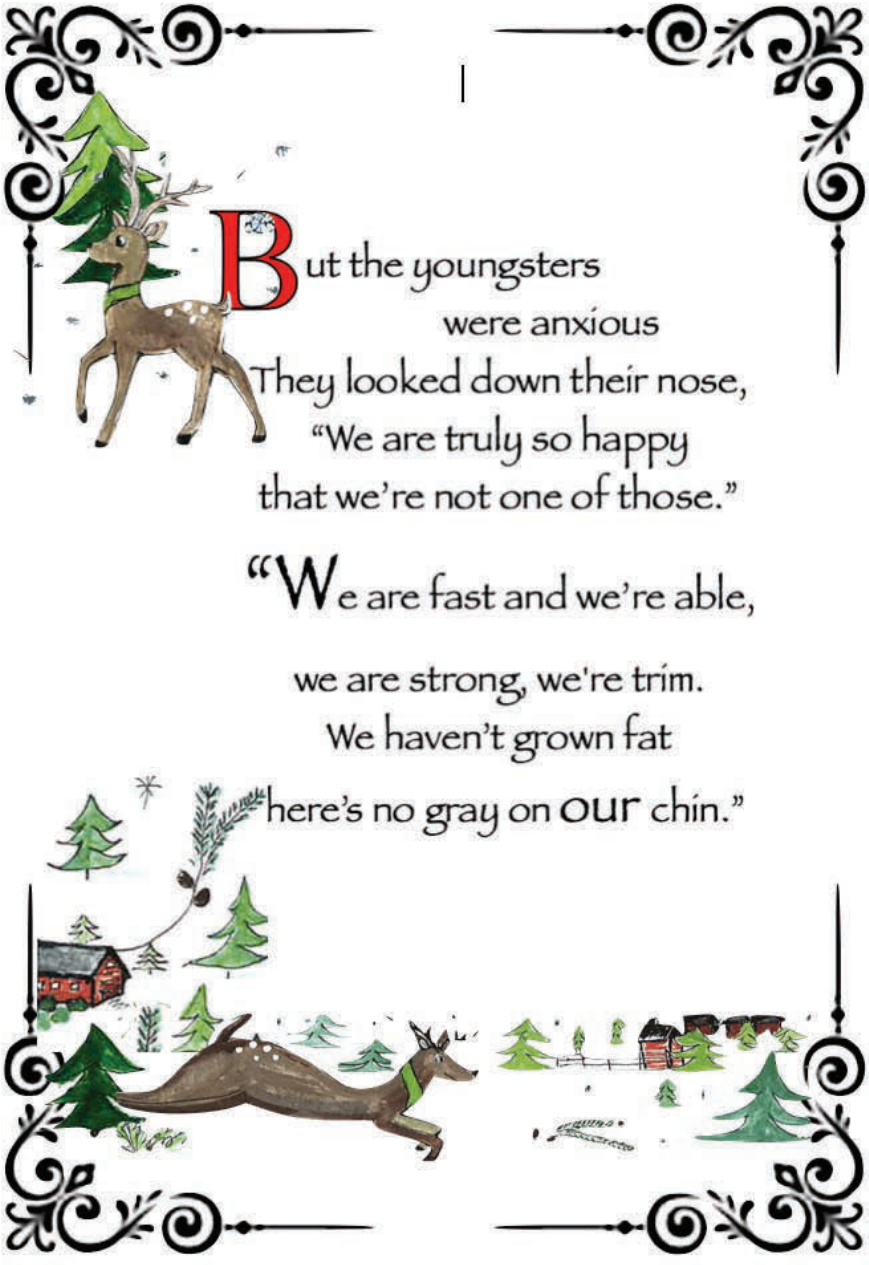
Beyond the tallest sycamore,
and down the rocky drive,
Barns and pastures all abound,
that's where the reindeer hide!

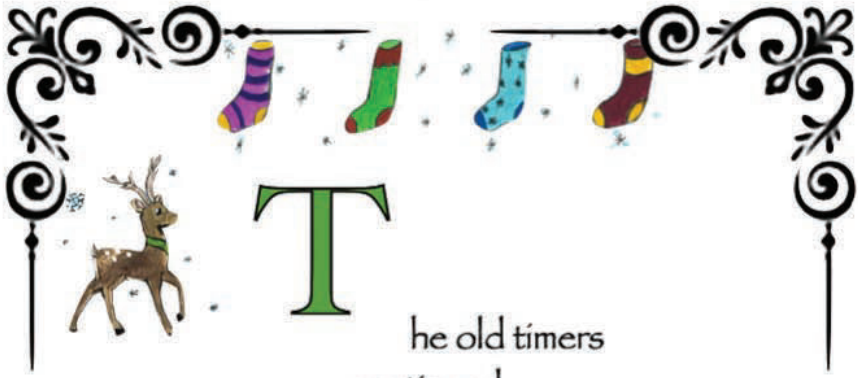
There were reindeer
all over
the vast fields so it seemed,
That the newest were youngsters
so incredibly green.

Yet so sure and so cocky
when each buck did arrived,
for each thought that he'd carry
Santa's sleigh through the sky.

For they wanted to learn
how to pull Santa's sled,
and they hoped to be picked
to wear collars of 'red'!

The old team was retired
and their beards turned to gray.
They played horseshoes and hockey
napping most of the day.


But the youngsters
were anxious
They looked down their nose,
"We are truly so happy
that we're not one of those."
"We are fast and we're able,
we are strong, we're trim.
We haven't grown fat
there's no gray on our chin."



The old timers
continued,
as the youngsters had fun,
"You must work as a team,
you can't work as just one!"

"Soon your coach will arrive
and the line you will tow,
if you all want to pull
Santa's sleigh through the snow."

On December the second,
this big buck did arrive.
He looked over the youngsters

"Oh, I'll cut them to size!"

For they called him the Baron,
Baron Schmidt was his name.
His look was of fitness
and his game was to train

Newit's not just the
strength
or the speed that you'll need,
as the ones out in front
must be agile to lead. . .

For the turns can be tricky
and the roofs can be iced,
so the leads must be fast
while their landings are light.

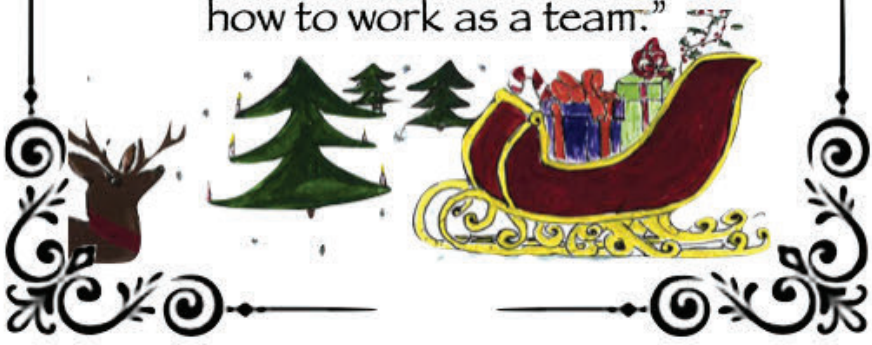
All four in the middle
are the strength that's between,
a most powerful start
and to anchor the team.

And so last, but not least
are the two in the back,
they must pull on the brakes
and must help with the pack.

So they pranced
and they practiced
all day and all night
but the Baron, he grumbled,
"Something just isn't right."

They're fast and they're strong

they are sleek and they're lean,
But they just haven't learned
how to work as a team."



When a storm grew
ferocious
and the young team showed fear,

Baron said, "You're not ready
to fly out this year!"
For the young team on ice
they could stop on a dime,
But this snow made them slow
and they must be on time.

Soon the training was done
and the time finally came,
when coach Baron called out,
he called each by his name. . .

There's Thunder and Lightening
and Snowball and Thor
Mercury, Hail, Orbit and Tor!

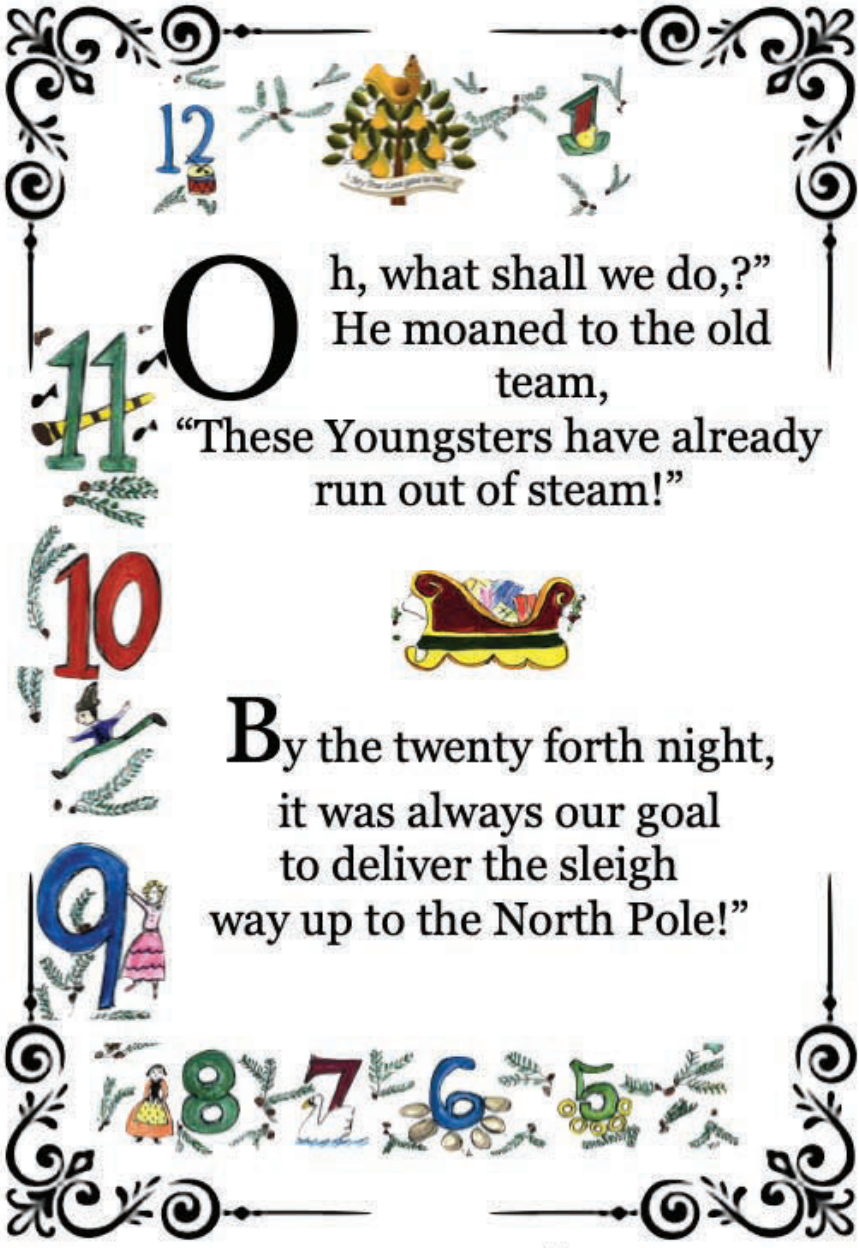
There was whooping
and hollering
from those that had won,
Such a grand celebration
with cheer and good fun!

But the losers cried out
as they cast all the blame
on their teammates
and heroes
who thought training
a game.

You are the new team
you must play your new role,
and take Santa's big sleigh
way up to the North Pole.

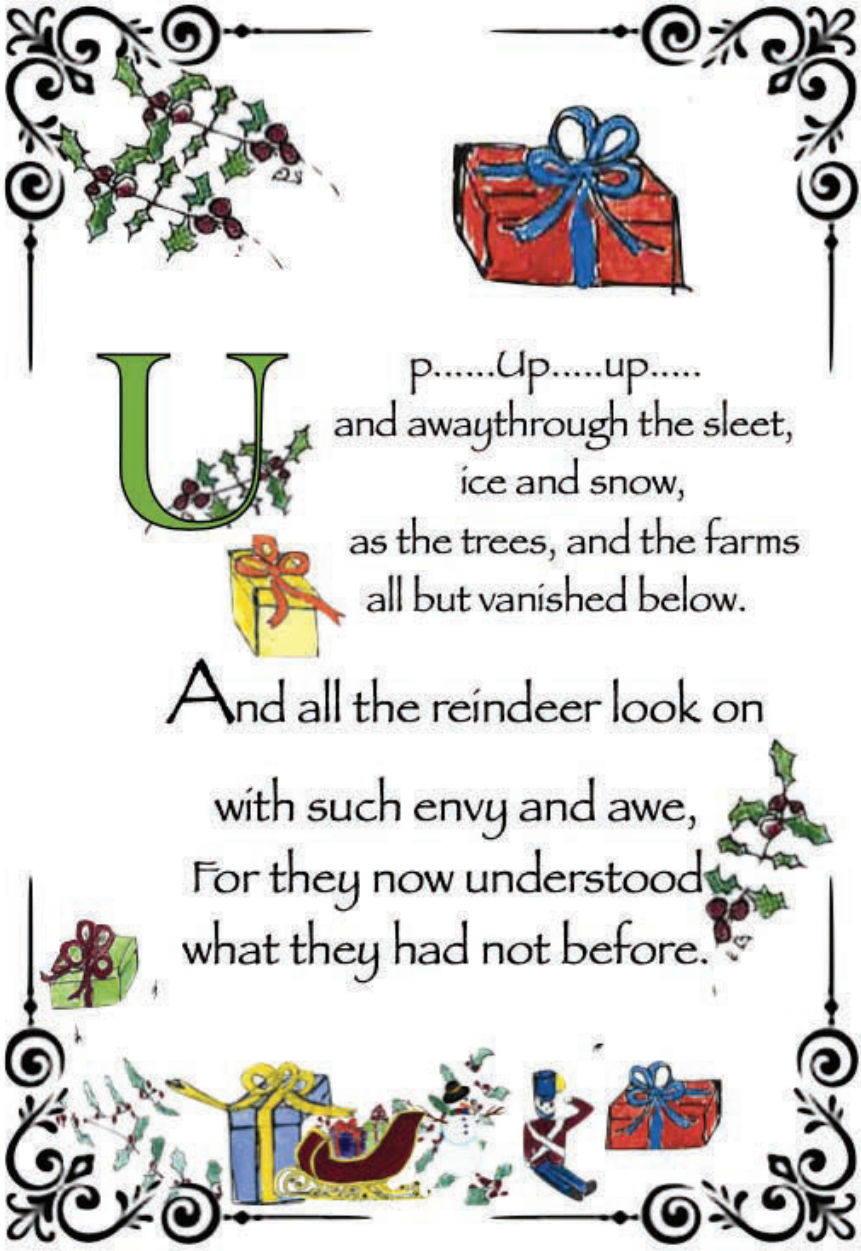
It was time to depart,

Coach Baron stared into the night,
But the snow on the ground
reached incredible height!


12
Oh, what shall we do,?"
He moaned to the old
team,
"These Youngsters have already
run out of steam!"
11
10
By the twenty forth night,
it was always our goal
to deliver the sleigh
way up to the North Pole!"
9
8
7
6
5

So the old reindeer ran out
with red harness in hand,
"For Santa's can't wait
in that cold far off land."

With a bump and a grind
their bells jingled in gear,
then they took to the sky
as they had every year.


p.....Up.....up.....
and awaythrough the sleet,
ice and snow,
as the trees, and the farms
all but vanished below.
And all the reindeer look on
with such envy and awe,
For they now understood
what they had not before.

But next year this young team
will be ready to try,
To lead Santa's big sleigh
through the cold wintery sky.

For hard work and pain,
as the old timers knew
Would make any task
look so easy to do.

But for now this old team
without fear they could soar,
will deliver the toys
as they had years before!

And the young bucks learned training
is not just a game,
You must work hard and practice
before you claim fame!

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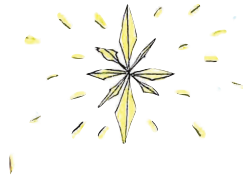
# Merry Christmas Everyone



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# HAPPY HOLIDAYS

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## Stories By R.F. Gilmor

**Cad McGhee**
**& The Nasty Three Series**
No. 1 The Baltimore Caper
No. 2 The Christmas Caper
No. 3 The New York Caper
No. 4 The Philadelphia Caper
No. 5 The Punxsutawney Caper
No. 6 The Plymouth Caper
No. 7 The Vermont Caper

**Christmas Stories:**
Santa's Training Stable
The Tiny Christmas Elf
Fiona & the Christmas Fairies
Bodie the Christmas Beagle
The Snow Angels
The Snow Fairies
The Christmas Grimm

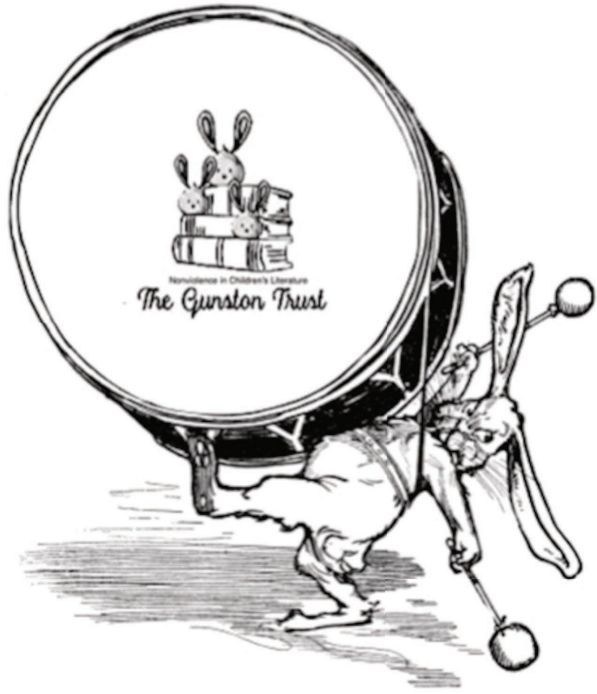
**St. Patrick's Day**
Fiona & the Leprechaun Trap
The Pot of Gold

**Halloween Stories**
Jack O'Lantern - The tale of Stingy Jack
Scary, Scary Night
Cassandra & All Hollows Eve
Hollowing Point
The Autumn Phantom
Monstrous Things
Witchway Forest

**Lessons of Life**
Little Red Riding Hood
The Lion & the Mouse
The Ant & the Grasshopper
The Scorpion & the Frog
The Tortoise & the Hare
The Boy Who Cried Wolf
The Crow & the Pitcher
A Lad & the Tigers
The Little Red Hen
The Three Little Pigs
The Sun & the Wind
The Princess & the Frog
The Ugly Duckling
A Bear Ran Into the Woods
Critters of the Forest Primeval
Frankie's Bad Day
The Fox & the Crow
Rumpelstiltskin
The Wind & the Sun

**Miscellaneous**
Queen of the Rose
The Mermaid Lorilie
Poems to Ponder
Back In the Day - The Trilogy
A Bear Named Bob
East of the Sun & West of the Moon

R.F. Gilmor
Author

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